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An Enchanted Mine.

About sixty miles from the Pacific coast in the state of Sinaloa is a mountain known as the "Cerro del Oro," or hill of gold. It rises in majestic grandeur from the midst of clustering hills, grand in themselves, but insignificant in the presence of this silent, gloomy, rugged old king. To the casual observer there is nothing remarkable about this magnificent mountain, whose sides are covered with vegetation, and apparently as smooth as the grassy slopes of California, seen from the deck of the passing steamer. Its immensity is not realized until the ascent is undertaken. Its sides, apparently so smooth, are found to be traversed by deep gorges and by fissures, shade by giant trees, whose interlacing branches cast a somber gloom over the entrance to the deep canons. It is with hesitation akin to fear that one enters their cavernous depths. There it is that the people of the neighboring hamlet have taken refuge in the dark days of revolution and invading wars, leaving their poor huts and huddling their children together to seek shelter from the rude storm of human passion, in the rugged bosom of the old mountain of mystery. Many a gray-headed man and woman can remember the time when with hurried steps and many backward glances they sought shelter in the deepest fastnesses of the only haven of safety. Fortunate were they who had sufficient warning to gather up their few cows and burros, the former furnished milk, the latter loaded with corn and bedding from the homes that would soon be destroyed by the relentless torch of the invader.

Nothing but war in its cruellest form could induce the Mexican to leave his home and seek shelter in the gloomy caves of old Cerro del Oro. For it is the abode of spirits and demons. No one dares to venture alone into its depths. Many queer tales are told of the strange sights seen by venturesome persons. That it is under a spell of enchantment is well known by the old and firmly believed by the young.

That extensive mining has been done in this mountain no one can doubt, as numerous patois where ore was assayed and runs of arrastras where the gold was extracted, prove that beyond a doubt; and by digging into the piles of waste fine specimens of free ore are obtained. But no trace of a mine can be found. Occasionally, in the neighboring villages, while excavating foundations for houses, bars of gold have been discovered and ornaments of gold, crudely hammered out, have been unearthed. But there are no gold mines known to exist within leagues of this mountain.

There is a strange tradition handed down that long ago the hill was the scene of active mining; that the mountain side, now so gloomy and silent, echoed to the click of the hammer and the voice of the muleteer urging the patient animals as they toiled around the arrastra and the singing of happy miners rushing down the mountain side, their day's work done—thinking of the bright eyes watching for them, and the hot tortillas and frijoles waiting for them at their humble little homes.

But in an evil day all was changed. A band of robbers, lured by the glitter of the abundant gold, swept down the mountain side like a blast of fire, shot down the men like dogs, not leaving a soul alive to tell the tale. The treasure they secured was almost untold. They loaded all the mules with treasure and left the place, so lately full of life, a scene of grim death and desolation. Then it was that the "duendes" (fairies) of the mountains by enchantment closed up the entrances of the mines, and it is said the spirits of the murdered miners still dwell in the mines.

Once every year the portals of the mines are opened. On the eve of St. John, toward evening, an old man appears at the mouth of the tunnel, and later the mountain side is peopled as of old, the ghostly actors going through the work as in life, the men with hammers, the muleteers at their arrastras—all busy at work, but silent as the grave. A young man was belated while looking for cattle came unexpectedly upon the scene. He was fixed without power of motion, and was forced against his will to see the the ghostly crew at work over the glittering golden treasures. At 12 o'clock the ghostly captain gave the signal and all hands quit work, and, seizing their napkins containing the midnight lunch, lit fires to heat their tortillas and coffee. The fire was an unearthly blue and burned with a flickering uncertain light. The eyes of each and every one were lit up with uncanny glow of phosphorescent light. At a word they all resumed work, until, at the crowing of a cock at a distant hamlet, all vanished, and the unwilling spectator found himself again capable of action. In the gray morning he rushed frantically home, tearing flesh and clothing in his mad rush through the thorny brush. Arriving home he was met by a horrified look from his wife, who fell fainting to the ground. His hair had turned snow-white, and while only 25 years old he appeared to be an old man of 60.

Years after this some little girls were out gathering wild fruit. They came upon a level place free of brush, which they never remembered to have seen. Looking up they saw the entrance to a tunnel, and just inside was seated a venerable old man who was making motions for them to come closer, but they, being frightened, ran home. The next day a party of men visited the spot, but it was a tangled labyrinth of thorny brush, interspersed with large trees.

The tradition further states that in only one way can the spell be broken. That a person of perfectly pure heart must walk boldly up to the mouth of the mine, and, boldly addressing this old man, must ask who he is and what he wants. He will offer to give to the speaker the wealth of the mountain only on the promise that one-tenth of all the wealth taken from the mine be devoted to masses for the souls of himself and his murdered companions.—Globe-Democrat.

Bound Over.

Charles Baker, who on the 27th of last month shot Wm. Simms at the Hog Ranch near Fort Bowie, had a preliminary examination yesterday before Justice Shearer, and was bound over to appear before the next grand jury in the sum of \$500. From the testimony at the examination it appears that the parties had some trouble the night previous to the shooting, during which Baker got pretty well beaten up. The next morning he shot Simms when his back was turned, the ball passing through his body, and yet he is knocking around and almost well.—Prospector.

Long Life of a Turtle.

It seems that in 1810 Henry Mogul, father of the present Treasurer of Highland county, caught a turtle on his farm in Center Township, Ohio, and cut into its back the initials, "H. M., 1810." He let the turtle go, but related the circumstance to his son.

A few days since the County Treasurer was out walking over the old farm, when he accidentally came across the identical old turtle upon which his father had carved his initials seventy-eight years before. The turtle was alive, and as active as ever, the inscription on its back being almost as distinct as when first made.

War in Kansas.

A Liberal, Kansas, dispatch of the 27th ult., says: Shorty, a livery stable keeper at Hugoton, gives the following particulars respecting a terrible encounter between Hugoton and Woodsdale men in Stevens County, whereby no less than seven men lost their lives. Sam Robinson, the City Marshal of Hugoton, and M. Cook, of the same town, went to the Dudley ranch, near Pony Creek, yesterday, accompanied by their wives, to look up some cattle which they were trying to buy. While taking dinner Deputy Sheriff Short, a Woodsdale man, accompanied by five other Woodsdale men rode up to the party and asked Robinson to surrender, as he had a warrant for his arrest. Robinson said he would go a short distance from camp, leaving Cook and the ladies behind, and then give his enemies a chance to take him. He did so, and on reaching a convenient spot both parties opened fire, with the result that four Woodsdale men turned up their toes. The other two fled to the strip, and Robinson escaped without a scratch. Cook hastened to Hugoton and gave the alarm, and soon an armed squad went to their assistance. Meeting a lot of Woodsdale men an encounter took place, in which three persons were killed and a number wounded. According to our informant, the whole county is at war; but Sam Wood has again disappeared. John Cross, Sheriff of Stevens county, was one of the men killed in the second fight. The names of the other killed could not be learned.

Later.—Jas. Gerrard, U. L. Lynn, C. S. Toby, George A. Pierson, D. Grisup, H. Torrents, W. Webb, Billy Chadman, Billy McKee, Chas. Stalts, George S. Hoffer and James Williams, all of Woodsdale, Stevens county, gives the following account of the affair:

A warrant had been issued to Ed Short, constable and city marshal of Woodsdale, for the arrest of Sam Robinson. Robinson had gone to the Neutral Strip, and Short, Wm. Hansley and Dick Wilson went after him. They found him in a dug-out, and ordered him to surrender. He said he would never surrender to Ed Short. Ed told him he could get as many men as he wished from the Strip to go with him to the States (Kansas). Robinson did not surrender, but got on his horse and made a run of six or seven miles to Beaver river, where he got a fresh horse and soon distanced the boys, who then gave up the chase. Sheriff Cross, hearing that Short and his posse had been corralled down in the Strip, started with four men for their relief, but they could not find them, and so started back up the trail and went into camp. While they were asleep a Hugoton party surprised and disarmed, made them stand up in line and shot them, killing four and wounding one. The deputy sheriff did not give any names besides those mentioned above, but C. S. Toby says that the four men killed were Sheriff John Cross, Robt Hubbard, C. W. Eaton, R. Wilcox, and that Herbert Tony was wounded. He also said that there might be one or two more killed, and that he heard Herbert Reed was wounded, but could not say how he got hurt. There must have been shooting besides the above affray, for a boy named Nathan Jones, who was on his return from Stevens county to Liberal, states that he passed near two squads who were firing at each other. The latest report that came in is that eleven have been killed. So far reports are very contradictory and many of them unreliable, but there is no doubt that Stevens county people are in a terrible state of excitement, and that more shooting may be expected.

Now read the next column.

It Was a Big Scheme.

Acting Chief of Detectives Kurtz received word yesterday of the arrest in San Francisco, Cal., of Dr. R. M. Osborne, a prominent citizen and practicing physician of Kingsbury, Cal., on the charge of having made preparations for a series of forgeries which would have startled the country, and which, from the manner in which the plans had been laid, would have been difficult to solve.

The discovery of the scheme and the arrest of the forger were due largely to the operations of Chief Wood, who was notified that plates had been manufactured by Crosscup & West, of this city, for a man giving his name as Charles Bender. Several months ago Crosscup & West received a letter dated Traver, California, and signed Chas. Bender, asking if they could manufacture plates which would be a facsimile of those from which bills of exchange were printed.

The letter was answered in the affirmative, and a short time after a bill of exchange on New York, drawn by the Nevada Bank of Reno, Cal., for \$30 was received by the firm with the request that a plate shall be made similar to the body of the bill. A proof was sent, and with the approval which was returned came another order for a plate similar to that of the Farmers' Bank of Fresno, Cal., one of which, filled up to the order of the firm, was enclosed with the order.

The peculiarity of the orders excited the suspicion of the members of the firm, and the facts were told to Chief Wood. By his advice the plates were completed, and in the meantime the Chief wrote to the officers of the banks, giving a history of the case and advising that some action be taken toward discovering the author of the letters. A watch was set in Traver, and it was found that the letters for Chas. Bender were called for by Dr. Osborne.

A watch was then put upon his movements, and after the plates had been completed arrangements were made for their shipment to Traver. As soon as the plan had been found complete this far, Dr. Osborne made arrangements by which the package would be reshipped to Portland, Oregon, and a day or two later he left for San Francisco.

He was closely watched, and was seen to purchase paper similar to that used by the two banks, together with rubber stamps for filling in the number of the bills and the punches used by the banks. As soon as his purchases were completed he was arrested, with the evidences of his guilt in his possession, which will supply a full chain of evidence, and will no doubt lead to his conviction. The arrest is said to have created intense excitement, as the doctor was well known and highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances.—Philadelphia Record

Indians Reported Out.

A report was received from Wilcox yesterday to the effect that from eight to twelve Apache Indians had left San Carlos reservation on Friday night, that the troop had started in pursuit, and a short but sharp engagement had ensued, during which several scouts were killed. It was also stated that the Indians stole about about 140 head of cattle and some horses. When they left they started in a northerly direction. That was about the substance of the report, and as the wires are down to Fort Apache no further or more reliable information can be obtained. Through the kindness of Mr. Harrington, the telegraphic operator, the Prospector communicated with such points as were possible, but no further information than that given above could be obtained, except that the report was considered to be exaggerated.—Prospector.

A New and Peculiar Malady.

Mrs. John Flanagan, and her young sister-in-law, Miss Flanagan, residing a short distance from Dora, Indiana, were, a short time since attacked by a strange malady, which now promises to terminate fatally. The ladies were almost on the same day stricken down with a chill, and immediately began frothing at the mouth, attempting to bite themselves and their friends who approached. So violent have they now become that it requires the efforts of several persons to restrain when the convulsions are on. The unfortunates are perfectly rational and fully realize their condition, but say that they are utterly unable to control themselves while the fits are on. The affection strongly resembles hydrophobia, but neither of the women nor their friends can remember of having been bitten by a dog. In one of the convulsions Mrs. Flanagan bit off half her tongue, and to prevent her inflicting further injury her mouth was tied shut. The case thus far has completely baffled medical skill, and it is the belief of the physicians the country round that neither will long survive. The fact that both were stricken down at the same time is regarded as one of the most mysterious phases of the singular cases.

A Crushed Skull

The working at the Federal building unearthed a mass of human bones while excavating yesterday for the north portico. In the old building a sort of court extended out on the north side which has scarcely been visited for years by anybody. It was in this inclosure that the bones were found. They were covered with only about 12 inches of earth. Superintendent Brigham was present when the excavation was made, and when the bones were struck he had them uncovered with some care. A mass of stuff that resembled decayed clothing and papers was found near the larger bones. The skull was taken out and a critical examination developed the fact that in the back part of it, at about the base of the brain, had been crushed in, evidently with some death-dealing weapon on of no mean dimensions. From this circumstance, and the fact that the bones were covered with so little earth, it is believed that here has been found all that is left of some terrible murder. The dark deed committed years ago, no doubt, and the body of the victim dragged into this isolated court and concealed there. Mr. Brigham took one of the teeth from the jaw bone and found that it contained a tiny gold filling. The skull and other bones were given to Judge Sloan and will have a place in the "mysterious department" of his private museum.—Santa Fe Herald.

About six o'clock this morning—some say a few minutes before, and others a few minutes after—Tucson experienced a sharp earthquake shock. It was of but momentary duration, and it shook things up lively while it was about it. The motion seemed to be from south to north. Some people ran out of their houses, and others were too bewildered to get out. In Mrs. Driscoll's house on south Meyer street, it shook the plaster down and frightened the inmates into the streets. In the Welisch block it had the appearance of something giving the building three or four sharp jerks, while at the same time it seemed as if some one was jumping on the roof overhead. At Mr. Mansfield's house on Stone avenue, the same noise that accompanied the big earthquake of a couple of years back, was plainly heard. The inmates of the Fashion saloon in the Pearson block lost no time in getting out, but the shaking up was generally felt, and everybody has experiences to relate.—Tucson Citizen, July 24th.

Small Pox Among The Papagoes.

Col. Johnson, agent of the Maricopa, Pima and Papago Indians in the city accompanied by his wife and daughter. He is here looking into the rumored small-pox cases with Papago Indians. Yesterday Chief Ascension came in and agent Johnson had an interview with him and learned that some six or eight of the Papago children in the vicinity of the San Xavier church are down with the disease. He stated there had been others but they had recovered.

Dr. Fenner has been employed by the government to look after the sick and will visit the reservation daily or as often as necessary. A guard has been appointed to keep Indians from visiting families where they have any sick, and it is more than probable that the disease will soon disappear as it is of a mild form.—Star.

Tramps Terrorizing People.

An Ashtabula, Ohio, dispatch of July 31, says: A gang of about 20 tramps have been making it very lively for farmers and railroad men in this section for a few days. Monday they were surrounded in their camp by the local police, but they managed to escape. All of them were armed with revolvers and were desperate men. Monday night they boarded a Lake Shore freight train near this place and compelled the conductor to carry them to Geneva, twelve miles west. On the way they broke open a box car and secured a lot of liquor and all became howling drunk. At Geneva they left the train, and Tuesday night they attacked a farmer living near that place, shooting through the windows and destroying considerable property. Complaint was again made to authorities, and yesterday morning the local military company was ordered out and sent to Geneva. They found the tramps entrenched near Geneva, and after and after a sharp fight in which many shots were exchanged without serious damage to either side, the tramps were taken and brought to the city, where they are now in jail. Exaggerated reports were circulated regarding the affair, it being stated that a big train robbery had been committed on the Lake Shore road at this point.

When Colonel Arvizio, of Nogales scandal notoriety, who had a rehearing before a military tribunal in the City of Mexico, was being consigned to the military prison at Flateloleco, the officer in charge read to him his commitment. On reaching that portion in which it stated that the sentence of death had, through the interposition of the United States government, been commuted to twenty years' imprisonment, he expostulated and said that he preferred death rather than receive his life at the hands of a foreign government, and insisted on the carrying out of the original sentence. This patriotic declaration won him favor and in consequence thereof he is but little liable to serve out his full term.—Prospector.

The office of assessor in and for the County of Maricopa, was created by the Board of Supervisors, said Assessor to be ex-officio Tax Collector, to receive as Assessor a salary of \$1,200 per annum, and as Tax Collector, to receive a salary to be fixed by the new Board of Supervisors. The Board has also taken steps to fund all the old bonds and will thus reduce taxes about 50 cents per \$100.—Phoenix Herald.

Carl Schurz, who is yet in Germany, and was recently entertained by Prince Bismarck, is preparing a thorough study of Bismarck's career and of its bearings on the political situation in Europe. It will appear in an early number of the Forum.—Ex.